SPIRITUAL LESSONS,

For *CHILDREN* to Read and Learn to be *WISE*.

A *LESSON* to each LETTER in the

ALPHABET,

Embellish'd with Prints &

Alphabets for Instruction in

WRITING

Train up a Child in the way he should go

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A A a a

All Chil-dren that would fear the LORD
Hear what their Tea-chers fay;
With Rev'rence meet their Pa-rents Word,
And with De-light o-bey.
With all thy Soul love GOD a-bove,
And as thy-felf thy Neigh-bour love.

B B B b

Be-hold not a Plant or Flow-er be-low,
But makes GOD's Glo-ri-es known;
And Clouds a-rife and Tem-pefts blow,
By Or-der from his Throne.
Let me be dreft, fine as I will,
Flies, Worms, and Flow-ers ex-ceed me ſtill.

Cc Cc Cc

Christ my Sa-vi-our, my Voice I raise,
To thee my youngest Hours belong;
I would be-gin my life with Praise,
Till grow-ing years improve the Song.
'Tis to thy Sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on bri-tish Ground;
Where Streams of Heavenly Mer-cy flow,
And Words of Sweet Sal-va-ti-on sound.

D D D d d

De-light in GOD with all thy Heart,
And he will teach you any Art;
So, like the Sun, would I ful-fil
The Bu-si-neſs of the Day;
Be-gin my Work be-ti mes, and ſtill
March on my hea-ven-ly Way.

Cc Cc Cc

Christ my Sa-vi-our, my Voice I raise,
To thee my young-est Hours be-long;
I would be-gin my life with Praise,
Till grow-ing years im-prove the Song.
'Tis to thy Sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on bri-tish Ground;
Where Streams of Heav'nly Mer-cy flow,
And Words of Sweet Sal-va-ti-on sound.

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So, like the Sun, would I ful-fil
The Bu-si-nefs of the Day;
Be-gin my Work be-ti mes, and ſtill
March on my hea-ven-ly Way.

&E E c c

En-rich me with thy Hea-ven-ly Grace,
En-due me with thy Spi-rit;
And let my Soul when hence it goes,
Eter-nal life in-he-rit.
The pre-fent of my life re-ftor'd,
O may I fpend it for my Lord.

F F f

Faith and re-pen-tance all muſt find,
But yet we dai-ly see;
They differ in their time and kind
Du-ra-ti-on and degree.
Some long re-pent and late be-lieve
But when their ſin's for-giv'n
A clear-er paſs-port they re-ceive
And walk with joy to heav'n.

GG Gys

Great GOD with Won-der and with Praise,
On all thy Works I look;
But still thy Wis-dom Pow-er and Grace,
Shine brigh-ter in thy Book.
LORD, make me un-der-ſtand thy Law,
Show what my Faults have been;
And from thy Gof-pel let me draw
Par-don for all my ſin.

H H h

Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd
To save my Soul from Hell:
Not all the Books on Earth beside
Such hea-ven-ly Won-ders tell.
Then let me love my Bi-ble more,
And take a fresh De-light
By Day to read these Won-ders o'er
And me-di-tate by Night.

I I i

In Works of La-bour, or of Skill,
I would be bu-sy too
For Sa-tan finds some Mis-chief Still
For I-dle Hands to do.
In Books, or Work, or health-ful Way,
Let my first Years be past,
That I may give for e-ve-ry Day
Some good Ac-count at last.

Jj Jj Jj

JESUS the Pil-grim's Guide,
Con-si-der our di-stress;
We wan-der in a de-sart wide,
And mourn with out re-dress:
Yet if it be the way,
If we may find thee here!
Thy ho-ly Plea-sure we o-bey,
And hum-bly Per-se-vere.

K K K k k

Know-ledge, Truth Ho-li-nefs and Grace,
Thefe are the Robes of rich-eft Drefs,
In this on Earth would I ap-pear;
Then go to Hea-ven and wear it there;
God will ap-prove it in his Sight;
'Tis his own Work and his De-light.

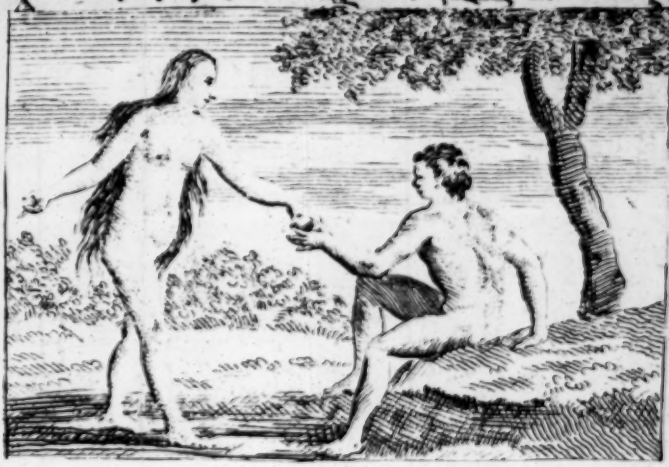
LORD how de-light-ful tis to see
A whole As-sem-bly wor-ship Thee!
At once they ſing at once they pray;
They hear of Hea-ven and learn the Way
I have been there and ſtill would go,
'Tis like a little Hea-ven be-low:
Not all my Plea-ſure and my Play
Shall tempt me to for-get this Day.

M M m m

My GOD I hate to walk or dwell
With sin-ful Chil-dren here;
Then let me not be sent to Hell,
Where none but Sin-ners are.
From one rude Boy that us'd to mock,
They learn the wick-ed Jest:
One Sick-ly Sheep in-fects the Flock,
And poi-sons all the rest.

N n

Not more then o-thers I de-ferve,
Yet GOD hath gi-ven me more;
For I have food while o-thers ſtarve,
Or beg from Door to Door:
How ma-ny Chil-dren in the Street
Half na-ked I be-hold?
While I am cloth'd from Head to Feet,
And co-ver'd from the Cold.



O O O O O

Our Fa-ther eat for-bid-den Fruit,
And from his Glo-ry fell;
And we his Chil-dren thus were brought
To Death and near to Hell.
Blest be the LORD that sent his Son
To take our Flesh and Blood;
He for our Lives gave up his own
To make our Peace with GOD.

P P P

Par-don, O LORD, our chil-dish Rage,
Our lit-tle Brawls re-move;
That as we grow to ri-per Age,
Our Hearts may all be Love.
The De-vil tempts one Mo-ther's Son
To rage a-gainst a-no-ther,
So wick-ed Cain was hur-ry'd on
Till he had kil-led his Bro-ther.

Qq

Quick-en me by thy Spi-rit LORD,
When I shall wait on thee;
In e-very Or-di-nance of thy Word,
Which thou af-for-dest me.
Wick-ed Fa-shi-ons lead to Hell;
Ne-ver may I be found com-ply-ing;
But in Life be-have so well,
Not to be afraid of dy-ing.

RR

Re-mem-ber all the dy-ing Pains
That my Re-dee-mer felt,
And let his Blood waſh out my Stains,
And an-ſwer for my Guilt.
O may I now for ev-er fear
To in-dulge a ſin-ful Thought,
Since the Great GOD can ſee and hear,
And writes down e-ve-ry Fault.

I S S I S

SAMUEL the Child was wean'd and brought
To wait up-on the LORD;
Young TIMOTHY be-times was taught
To know his holy Word.
Then why should I so long de-lay
What o-thers learnt so soon?
I would not pass a-no-ther Day
With-out this work be-gun.

T T t t

Tho I am now in younger Days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for every Place
Where my growing Age shall call me.
Should I ever be Rich or Great,
Others shall partake my Goodness;
I'll supply the Poor with Meat,
Never shewing Scorn nor Rudeness.

U U U U

Un-pro-fi-ta-ble still
I wait up-on the LORD;
A-las no Sweet-nefs I can feel,
Nor catch one Gra-ci-ous Word.
Others in Floods of Tears
Hear the a-wake-ning Call;
And Day and Night in fer-vent prayer
Be-fore JEHOVAH fall.

V v V v

Vouch-safe to lift my Heart to thee,
Above all Things be-low;
And let it be my ear-nest Care
Christ Cru-ci-fi-ed to know.
There is an Hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thou-sand Chil-dren young as I,
Are call'd by Death to hear their Doom.

W W W W

When we de-vote our Youth to GOD,
'Tis plea-sing in his Eyes;
A Flow-er when of-fer'd in the Bud,
Is no vain Sa-cri-fice.
'Tis ea-si-er Work if we be-gin
To fear the Lord be-times;
While Sinners that grow old in Sin
Are har-den'd in their Crimes.

X x

'X-a-mine all my in-ward Wants,
Sup-ply me with thy Grace,
Let not the Love of a-ny Sin
With-in my Heart have Place.
If this re-bel-li-ous Heart of mine
Des-pise the gra-ci-ous call of Hea-ven,
I may be har-den'd in my Sin,
And ne-ver have re-pen-tance gi-ven.

Y y Y y

Yea, the lon-ger I live, O LORD,
Let me still bet-ter grow;
And let it be my ear-nest Care
The Lord of Life to know.
With thoughts of Christ & Things di-vine
Fill up this foo-lish heart of mine;
That ho-ping pardon thro' his Blood
I may lie down, and wake with GOD.

Z z Z z Z z

Zeal for thine Ho-nor, give me Lord,
And let me ho-ly be;
Guide me by thy Coun-fel here,
And to Glo-ry take thou me.
Just as a Tree cut down, that fell
To North or South-ward, there it lies
So Man de-parts to Hea-ven or Hell
Fix'd in the State where-in he dies.

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